



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

Fines: 6*d.* for failure to send in principal subject; 6*d.* for sending in work late; 1*s.* for keeping portfolio more than a night (unless Sunday intervenes); 1*s.* for damaging or failing to return, within specified time, books, casts, &c., borrowed from the critic or other members. Fines, and any extra donations, go to defray heavy postal expenses of Critic and Secretary. All complaints, suggestions, and payments sent to the latter, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

I. Still Life Study.—*Toys*.—Get as good an imitation as you can of a village shop window by putting on the window sill against the light a row of common toys—an old wooden horse, a glass jar of sweets, a penny trumpet, or a miniature ship; all paint well, if designed carefully to make a good shape against the light. Notice especially the tone of the objects and how little colour there is when seen against the light.

II. Study same as March.

III. Charcoal Study from cast of an Apple Leaf, No. 2697 in Brucciani's List.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—This month I am asking the artists to send me a design for a book on wild flowers, so should like to help them with a few suggestions on how to begin. Take a sheet of paper and a flower and its leaf. Put these before you and draw them in every possible position—side-ways, from the front, the back view, the three-quarter view, and so on. Then take the flower to pieces—though I must confess this always hurts my feelings—and draw the stamens, pistils, petals, calyx, in as many positions as possible. When your sheet of paper is covered, look at it for a little time and decide which forms would go together best, and then begin to compose your design on a new sheet of paper. I will only expect you to design from one flower this month, but have called the book *Wild Flowers*, so that you have the pleasure of choosing your favourite flower.

Your loving

AUNTIE MAI.

COMPETITIONS.

All competitions are open to the children of readers of the *Parents' Review*. Stamps must be sent for return postage. Each article must have a label on it, with name, address and age on it.

Rule I.—A fee of 1*s.* entitles a child to work in *any* competition.

Rule II.—All work and drawings to be sent to Aunt Mai, Wharfemead, Ilkley, before the 30th.

BABY'S WARDROBE.

Patterns.—"Baby's First Outfit," by Mrs. Singleton. Publisher, Grant, 35, Aire Street, Leeds (2*s.* 6*d.*)

The clothes will fit a large baby doll.

In June send the nightgown.

OUR COT.

The Secretary writes:—"Ellen is going on very well. Of course nothing can be said yet about her getting up; perhaps next month I may be able to tell you when she is likely to be well enough to do so. It has been a very quiet time for her; but she has had the excitement and change of being carried into the upper ward, where she spent two weeks while her usual quarters were undergoing a very thorough spring cleaning. All the walls have been recoloured and the ceilings whitewashed, so the Hospital looks beautifully clean and fresh. The flowers which Marjorie Barbour sent gave great pleasure, and we think the pretty vest she knitted for Curley so very well done that we have asked her for another just like it. May Jessie Gregg has also sent a nicely made chemise for the same fortunate little girl, and we had a box of eggs bearing the Lancaster postmark but with no name, which we fancy were sent by some 'nephews and nieces.' Ellen and the other sick girls enjoyed them very much, and they join with us in thanking the unknown senders, as well as Marjorie and May for the flowers and clothing.—St. Chad's Home, Far Headingley, Leeds, April 4th, 1898."

LITTLE WORKERS' SOCIETY.

Founder: MRS. EDMUND STRODE.

Each member makes two garments a year for a child known to the worker.

In June send a blouse for a little boy. This means a garment held round the waist with elastic, *not* a long smock.

Marks and prizes will be given for sewing, neatness, button-holes, and appearance.

LITTLE AUTHORS.

The following authors have sent capital tales on "Mab's Temper and How it was Cured":—Daisy Crookshank, Helena C. Scruby, Sylvia Power, Grace L. Lawrence, Phœbe Rennell and Betty Stancey. They will be passed round, and the two that obtain the highest marks will be put in the "Budget."

ART CLUB.

Rule I.—No drawing must exceed 12 by 12.

„ *II.*—Drawings must be sent *flat*.

„ *III.*—All work must be original.

Subjects for May:—

I. A watch and chain lying on table, and small hour-glass. Little artists can do either a watch or the hour-glass.

II. Design the back of a book on wild flowers. (See letter in the "Budget.")

One hundred and five artists have sent eggs and illustrations. The work is particularly good this month, and shows greater observation and accuracy:—

Katie Swan, Rosalind Crookshank, Joan Abbay, Jessie Dickson, Muriel Baumann, Ruth Edminson, Edith M. Walker, Sylvia Power, Olive Franklin, Dorothy Ker, Daisy Crookshank, Eric B. Hickson, Daisy G. Betts, Nella Heath, Honor Rundle, Basil Levenson, Winifred Grice, Edith L. Milne, Eldred Reynolds, Ruth Whitaker, Lizzie Boner, K. Marriott, Moira Tillie, Ileen Godfrey, Marion J. Thompson, Dorothea Senior, Dorothy Marriott, Evelyn Crookshank, Lucy Wilson, Francis M. Butt, Geoffrey Franklin, Allen Parke, Tom Parke, Eleanor Cargin, Cecil Parke, Victor Allen, Irene K. Lloyd, Mary Dowding, Grace Strang Steel, Mordaunt Betts, Judith Baker, Kitty Hall, Godfrey Crookshank, Annie E. Boston, Arthur Crookshank, Kingsley Tilley, Mary Acland Anson, Kathleen Kersey, Evelyn S. Thompson, Kenneth Reynolds, Nellie Hall, Cecily Cholmondeley, Josephine Beck Hickson, Margery Barber, Dora M. Hatherly, Christina Barclay, Margery S. Webb, Harold Dickson, Dorothy Yeo, Rachel Barclay, Chris. N. Abbay, Margery A. Storey, Noanie Tillie, Dorothy Woods, Maggie B. Crook, Gladys Seed, Kathleen Allen, Jessie M. Tillie, Willie Harvey, Eleanor Chance, Grace Lawrance, Alice M. Robinson, Lawrence Cadbury, Nellie Tillie, Irene Durant, Beryl M. Durant, Lorna Lawrance, Elsie Barton, Vera Hamilton, William M. Durant, Dorothy Rope, Freda Rope, Eleanor Barton, Robert H. Kersey, M. Powys, Phyllis Rope, Agnes Cargin, Kenneth J. Yeo, Wilfred Crook, Morris Barton, Eric Baumann, Sylvia Powys, Margery Sharpe, Dorothy Jones, Rachel Orred, Dorothy Storey, Dorothea Steinthal, Josephine Scruby, M. Broadwood.

THE ORDER OF CHIVALRY.

Miss Edith Wyvill writes that she has been delighted to enrol the following as members of this excellent Society:—

Associate—Mrs. Broadhurst.

Companions—Arthur Francis Brookes Broadhurst, Gerald Henry Broadhurst, Marjorie Harriet French and Dorothy M. Ker.

All the Companions have become Santa Claus, so each one has now a poor little child to look after and care for and make happy. One Santa Claus is always thinking of her little girl. She writes to her the first Sunday in each month, always enclosing a stamped envelope, and the first primroses gathered in the woods were, of course, sent to brighten the little one living in the east end of London. Miss Edith Wyvill, 68, Warwick Square, London, S.W., will be very glad to enrol more members.

A MEDDLESOME FAIRY.

Once upon a time the fairy queen, Titania, took it into her head to spend a Christmas in South America. She wanted a change, she said, so she and her court took flight one bright December day, and landed safely in Brazil. This far-off new land seemed strange indeed to the English fairies compared with the snowy, frosty old England they had left behind. To begin with it was hot, *dreadfully* hot, the poor fairies declared as they stood round the queen, trying in vain to raise a breath of air for her, by fluttering their gauzy wings, although the season was so late in the year and would be cold enough at home.

Then the native fairies were not very friendly, having strange, upsetting ideas, and hardly a proper respect for real old aristocratic rank and long descent.

After a while, however, things settled down; the Brazilian fairies were found to be very pleasant companions after all, and the British elves liked to tell them about the frost and snow and ice, which they had never seen, and could hardly understand, so that at last they became very happy amongst their new friends. Little Fay Ellerie especially, who was one of the Queen's maids of honour, was enjoying herself

immensely. To account for this I must tell you first before my story begins, the handsome Brazilian fairy, Frisco, had proposed to her, and had been accepted, and as Ellerie liked him very much indeed, this naturally made her extremely happy.

Now little Fay Ellerie was pretty, good-natured and young; but she had two serious faults. She was of rather a meddling disposition, and was also a great deal too certain that her own opinion must always be right, no matter whether older people agreed with her or not. But she was to have an experience which almost entirely cured her of these two troublesome faults.

It was Christmas day, and she had gone for a little flight in the forest by herself. Before long she met a beautiful butterfly, to whom she had been introduced at the court ball last night, and naturally she stopped to speak to him. He was flying slowly about, displaying himself to the best advantage, and he really was a handsome fellow. His wings were large and very showy, so that no one could help seeing him, and he seemed by no means to object to admiration. Helicon (for that was his name) was very polite and amusing, and Ellerie quite enjoyed her little gossip with him. Just as she was about to say good-bye and fly away, she was again struck by his bright and showy appearance, and her meddling disposition getting the better of her, she began to give him some advice (of which he really stood in no need), and to warn him that as his bright colours were easily seen, he really stood in great danger of being snapped up by the birds.

"There! oh!" she cried in real terror, as a lovely parrot swooped by. "How very nearly you were caught, Helicon! Weren't you frightened? Oh, why *do* you dress in such bright colours? The birds can't help seeing you. I saw a neighbour of yours as I came along, and he was so *much* more quietly clothed. Wouldn't you feel safer if you were like him?"

"Why, no," answered Helicon, opening and shutting his beautiful wings as he spoke, "I don't think I should, thank you. Somehow the birds never touch me."

"But they *might*, you know," cried Ellerie, "and then what *would* become of you? Then you do fly so slowly, too;

a bird would have no trouble at all in catching you. Oh, do let me change your colours. I could make you look so much less showy."

"Well, I don't know," answered Helicon slowly. "Somehow or other, I do not care to change, though it is very kind of you to be so anxious about me."

"Indeed, you had much better," said Ellerie. "Perhaps you do not know what an English fairy can do in this poor benighted country. Why, I need only wave my wand over you, and wish for you to dress in brown or grey, and you would be changed at once. Only I can't do anything without your consent."

But Helicon refused to agree to this proposal. He would think it over, he said, and let her know if he changed his mind, though, really, he did not think he should, as somehow he did not care about changing his dress. It had always suited him very well.

Fay Ellerie was vexed at this and, shrugging her shoulders, she flew back to court. She had wasted so much in arguing with that stupid old butterfly that she really had none to spare for exploring the forest as she had meant to do.

So she went home and told her mother how tiresome the butterfly had been. But, to Ellerie's surprise, her mother took Helicon's view. "He may be right, child," she said, "you know how often you have got into trouble through meddling with other folks' business, and in this queer new land we English fairies cannot judge what is best as we can at home, where we have lived long enough to understand the creatures' ways and needs. You may be sure the native fairies would have helped Helicon if he really required it. Best let him alone, Ellerie."

But Ellerie did not see this at all. "I'm sure some horrid bird will snap him up," she said, "and he is such a dear butterfly; at least, he would be if he wasn't so stupid. I'm certain that if he would only agree I could make him much safer, and as for the native fairies, they *can't* be so clever as English ones."

That night there was a great entertainment and ball, and dancing by moonlight with Frisco was so delightful that Ellerie forgot all about Helicon. But the next day he came to her in the court garden, to her great surprise.

"Fay Ellerie," he said, "I've thought a great deal about your warning that my colours were dangerously bright, and I've come to ask you to change me grey."

"Are you quite sure you really do wish it?" asked Ellerie, for Helicon was trembling and looking rather frightened.

"Yes, I really do," answered he. "I've not had a minute's rest since you told me. Somehow I never felt afraid before, but I do now. My father says I'm very silly to listen to you—but then you are a fairy and must know best, and he is only a butterfly. So please change me, Fay Ellerie."

Ellerie raised her wand. "Turn grey," she said. Only two words, but they worked a wonderful change. No longer glowing with bright and glorious colours, Helicon was now grey all over like any little moth. His butterfly splendour was gone, and even Ellerie felt rather sorry to see it. But she would not acknowledge this. "There!" she said, "You look much less showy, and are really in far better taste, and you will be quite safe now, too."

Helicon thanked her and took his leave, and for nearly a week Ellerie saw no more of him. At the end of that time she was flying one day through the forest, when she was stopped by a large spider's web, very strong and thick, which stretched across her way.

To escape it she flew under the web, finding a gap in the bushes through which she was passing, when she became aware of a thin trembling little voice which called her name. "Fay Ellerie! Fay Ellerie!" it said. Ellerie looked all about, but saw nothing for some time, until at last, nearly hidden under a leaf, she spied a miserable and wretched-looking little grey butterfly, very small and thin. "Why, Helicon, surely that's not *you*," she cried. "Whatever is the matter? you look quite ill," "Yes," answered Helicon, "I *am* ill, Fay Ellerie, I'm almost starving, and it's all because you changed my colour. Oh, I've been *so* wretched! Do *pray* change me back again, dear fairy, for I've never known a moment's peace since I saw you." Ellerie felt really shocked to see the poor butterfly looking so thin and ill, and she answered at once.

"Of course I will, if you wish it, but tell me first how it is that the change has made you so unhappy? I thought you would be much more secure."

"So did I," said Helicon, sighing. "But I soon found out

my mistake. At first I felt quite safe and I was very happy. I did not even try to hide from the birds, I was so sure they would not trouble me, but to my surprise I found they troubled me far more than ever before. Indeed, before I saw you I never felt afraid of them, but since you changed me I have lived in perpetual terror. Over and over again a bird has nearly snapped me up, and really I hardly dare fly across to a flower for honey, and I'm almost starving. You know I can only fly very slowly, and I am not good at darting out of the way of danger like some of my cousins. I really cannot bear it any longer."

"How very strange!" exclaimed Ellerie. "You are not nearly as showy as you used to be, so you *ought* to be safe. I can't understand it at all. But the first thing to do is to get you something to eat. Come with me—I will take you to that flower over there and watch whilst you get a good meal of honey. You will feel better then, and I will consider what to do next."

So the fairy and the little grey butterfly flitted across the bushes together. But Ellerie was not attending to her charge as carefully as she should have done, and a green parrot hurried down and seized the miserable little fellow before she could prevent it. Next minute, however, the parrot let go his hold and flew away, dropping the little piece he had bitten out of poor Helicon's wing as if it tasted very disagreeable.

The poor butterfly, meanwhile, nearly fainted (if you can imagine a butterfly doing so), and would have fallen to the ground if Ellerie had not caught him in her arms. She fanned him with her wings, and fed him tenderly with drops of honey until he recovered. At last he was better, and having made a good meal he pulled himself together again. But Ellerie reproached herself bitterly (as she had reason to do) for her friend's misfortunes.

"If I had only left you alone," she said, "you would have been so much happier. Well, at any rate, I can make amends now."

So she touched Helicon with her wand and said, very slowly and gravely, "Turn again, butterfly, and be just as you were before I met you."

The colours on Helicon's wings seemed to be coming

slowly back again, and both he and Ellerie watched them with eager interest. But, alas! the butterfly's wings, though they grew a little like their old pattern and colour, did not quite do so. The colours were right, but they were so faded and dull that Helicon grew dispirited again, and Ellerie was fairly puzzled. Then the hole which the parrot had bitten, though it did not look quite as large as before, was still there. In vain Fay Ellerie waved her wand and tried her hardest to help—no matter what she said the colours remained dark and dim, and the hole would not close up. Ellerie was at her wits' end; she had never failed before in fairy magic, and she could not understand why she should do so now.

Suddenly she bethought herself of Elfin Frisco, to whom she was engaged. "I will speak to a Brazilian fairy, dear Helicon," said she, "he will be sure to know what to do. I will come back as soon as ever I can and as soon as I know how to help you, and you are quite safe if you stay quietly here under this nice large leaf."

So away she flew to find Elfin Frisco. To do Ellerie justice she was really sorry for Helicon, and she told Frisco everything, without trying to excuse herself at all. Frisco looked very grave when he heard the story, and stood quite quiet, thinking for a long time. At last he spoke.

"I do not know what to do at all, Ellerie," he said. "I cannot guess why your magic failed. But if you will come with me to the Counsellor of the American fairies, I am quite sure he will help us."

Ellerie did not like the idea of having to tell her faults and failures over again, and to a perfect stranger, but there was nothing else for it, so she set off with Frisco to see the Counsellor. Frisco was very kind, and promised to stand by her and to help her to tell her troubles.

At last they arrived at the Counsellor's home. He turned out to be a large tree-rat, with sharp, piercing little eyes and fierce whiskers, and he also wore large spectacles which made him look very wise indeed. When he had heard all that Frisco and Ellerie had to say, he turned to the latter, and spoke in grave and measured tones.

"Fay Ellerie," he said. "You have been very foolish and meddled with things you knew nothing about. Your mother was quite right; you had much better have left Helicon alone."

For know that there are some butterflies of whom Helicon is one, which taste very bitter and nasty, and the birds all know that, and when they saw his bright colours they knew that he was not nice to eat, and never tried to touch him, and as he always flew very slowly, they could see that he was one of this kind of butterfly directly. But when you turned him grey, he looked like a little grey butterfly which *is* good to eat, and as Helicon flies slowly the birds nearly caught him. You see the mischief you have done by meddling and not believing your elders."

"But, oh! Mr. Counsellor," broke in poor Ellerie, "Can't I help him at all? Must poor Helicon always stay as he is?"

"Yes you can help him if you will," answered the tree-rat gravely. "The reason you failed to change him was this. There is a law in our country, that if a fairy makes any creature lose its brightness or happiness without good cause, that fairy cannot undo her work, unless she first gives up something bright and pleasant of her own. Now, if you can make up your mind to cut off your hair, you would then be able to restore Helicon to his former beauty and safety."

Ellerie was a generous little fairy; she did not hesitate for a moment, but called out at once, "Oh, Frisco dear! Fly to get me a pair of scissors! Of course I'll cut off my hair, and I thank you heartily, Mr. Counsellor, for telling me."

Now Ellerie's hair was her great beauty; no other fairy ever seen had such lovely golden locks. Frisco would let no one cut them off but himself, and though Ellerie could not help a sigh or two as her bright tresses fell about her in shining heaps, perhaps Elfin Frisco felt the loss even more than she did. When all the hair was cut a funny little round-headed fairy was left, but Frisco comforted her tenderly with loving words, and Ellerie gathered up the shorn tresses and flew off to Helicon.

Waving the golden trophy over her head, she cried again, "Turn back to your own colour, Helicon, at once!" and this time with success. Helicon's brightness came back with startling rapidity, and he flew about madly, turning head over heels with delight to be himself once more.

Ellerie never forgot her lesson and never again meddled with what did not concern her. Shortly afterwards, Queen

Titania returned to England, but Ellerie remained behind, married elfin Frisco, and "lived happy ever after" in the green Brazilian forest.

ALFREY PORTER.

[The above story is founded upon the facts (mentioned by Mr. Wallace, Mr. Belt, etc.) that the Heliconidae, a family of Brazilian butterflies, are showy in colour, slow in flight, and uneatable by birds. See Belt's *Nicaragua*, Wallace's *Darwinism*, etc.]

SENIOR ART CLUB.

This Club is intended for Aunt Mai's pupils when they leave her at the age of sixteen. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, 44, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

Rule 1.—Work is sent to Miss Stewart Wood, 44, Holland Street, Kensington, by the 23rd of every month, and the portfolio leaves her on the 1st of the month following. Subjects are issued on the 21st of each month, but members may receive subjects for a term in advance on application to the Secretary.

Rule 2.—The name and address of contributor is written on the back of each study, and paper is placed over the face of the principal subject for protection and for the writing of criticism. Secondary subjects are usually numbered and criticised *en masse*. Oil students are required to use thin French canvas (Young, Gower Street, London, 2s. per yard), to reduce postage. For same purpose no mountings or stretchers are allowed.

Rule 3.—All work marked "for exhibition" is shown to Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., at the end of the winter term; Miss E. S. Wood writes his criticisms, and occasionally a letter of her own advice to the students, and lends them examples of good work. Studies are returned in June, or if a member especially wishes, in December also.

Rule 4.—All dues to be paid between the 20th and 26th of month preceding a new term. Summer: May—October;

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

Winter: November—April. Subscription, 6s. per term. Fines: 6d. for failure to send in principal subject; 6d. for sending in work late; 1s. for keeping portfolio more than a night (unless Sunday intervenes); 1s. for damaging or failing to return, within specified time, books, casts, &c., borrowed from the critic or other members. Fines, and any extra donations, go to defray heavy postal expenses of Critic and Secretary. All complaints, suggestions, and payments sent to the latter, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

Subjects for *May*:—

I. *Blossoms*.—This may either be a study of a whole tree, a slender one, where the blossom lies sparsely on the branches, or a study of one branch done out of doors against a bit of sky. If the whole tree is drawn place it on the left or right of your canvas. Let the remainder of the landscape be very simple and the sky a quiet gradation of blue. Notice the difference between the tone of the blossom as it comes light against the surrounding background and the tone against the sky, which will appear much darker in contrast to the extreme light of the blue atmosphere.

II. A study of the same kind of blossom seen more in detail indoors. Pick a spray and fasten it against a background of white paper at a convenient distance from you, and in a good light. A pencil drawing, or a colour study in water colour or pastel, or coloured chalk, will be acceptable.

For *May and June*:—

III. Studies of Skies, size about 14 by 10, or under.—These are optional for the members to send in each month, but they are earnestly urged to practice this most necessary part of landscape study. Some remarks on the subject will be sent round from time to time in the portfolio. Pencil studies of cloud forms done from nature are most acceptable.

AUNT MAI'S BUDGET.

BY MRS. FRANCIS F. STEINTHAL.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—All the work we have now on hand is in full swing. Little Curley is being dressed by you, but there are still one or two garments needed, so if some of you think that you would enjoy making one each, you have only to write to Miss Howes, S. Chad's Home, Leeds, and she will send you the material ready cut out. New members join each month the Order of Chivalry, and each one has got a little child to care for and love and make happy. The sewing class has many more members this year than last, and the Art Club is growing like Alice when she had eaten the left side of the mushroom. Good work shows activity and progress, so I am, therefore, well pleased with my nieces. Scolding seems to help some people to be better; but the finest natures are more helped by encouragement and praise, therefore I sometimes tell you how much pleasure you give me, and how I appreciate the work done by willing hands. Unfortunately aunts grow older instead of younger, and sometimes, when the wind is in the east, I wonder if I ought not to give my work to a young and energetic auntie; but, strange to say, every time I think this I receive such an affectionate letter from a niece that I feel selfish, and that it would be impossible for me to leave you. So, children, continue to work merrily and well for

Your old loving

AUNTIE MAI.

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